

TURNIP CUBES, MAITRE D'HOTEL.

Wash and pare turnips, cut in one-half inch slices, and slices in one-half inch cubes; there should be two cupsfuls. Cook in boiling salted water twenty minutes, or until soft. Drain, and mix with maitre d'hotel butter.

MAITRE D'HOTEL BUTTER.

Work three tablespoonfuls of butter until creamy, and add one teaspoonful of lemon juice very slowly; then add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-half tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley.

BREAD RINGS

Cut bread which is stale in one-eighth-inch slices, and shape with a doughnut cutter. Brush each one with melted butter, and sprinkle with grated cheese, seasoned with cayenne. Bake in a moderate oven to melt cheese and brown rings. Arrange on a plate, covered with a lace paper doily, and serve with Christmas Consomme.

COFFEE CREAM PIE.

With a wooden cake spoon work one-fourth cup butter until creamy and add gradually one cup sugar while stirring and beating constantly; then add two eggs well beaten. Mix and sift one and two-thirds cups pastry flour (once sifted) with two and one-half teaspoons baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon salt, and add alternately with one-half cup milk to first mixture. Turn into two buttered and floured Washington pie tins, and bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Remove from pans, put together with coffee cream and sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar. For the coffee cream put one and one-half cups cold milk and two and one-half tablespoonfuls ground coffee in double boiler, and cook until scalded; then strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth placed over a fine strainer. Mix thoroughly one-half cup sugar, one-fourth cup flour, and one-eighth teaspoon salt. Pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the scalded milk and add the yolks of two eggs, slightly beaten. Return mixture to double boiler, and cook fifteen minutes, stirring constantly until mixture thickens, then occasionally. Cool, add one-third cup cut-up English walnut meats, and one-half teaspoon vanilla.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

(An unusual and simple variety that does not call for spice): Put one cupful of suet through the meat chopper, and cream, using the hands. Add one cupful each grated raw carrot, graded raw potato, and molasses; then add one and one-third cupfuls of bread flour, mixed and sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one teaspoonful of soda. Seed one cupful of raisins, cut in halves, and dredge with one-third cupful of flour and add to first mixture; then add three tablespoonfuls of brandy. Turn into a buttered mold (not having mold more than two-thirds full), adjust and tie down buttered cover, place on trivet in kettle, half surround with boiling water, cover and let steam four hours, adding more water as necessary, keeping water at the boiling point. Garnish with holly. Accompany with hard sauce.

MINCE MEAT.

Take 1 lb. each of currants, raisins, sugar, mixed peel and suet, ½ lb. almonds, 3 lbs. apples, juice of one lemon, spice and nutmeg to taste; chop fine altogether; add water.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

½ lb. butter, ½ lb. sugar, ½ lb. raisins, ½ lb. currants, ¼ lb. mixed peel, 12 oz. flour, 2 oz. almonds, six eggs, the juice and rind of one lemon, one teaspoon baking powder.

Third Week

"Whatever the weather may be," says he "Whatever the weather may be, It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere."
—James Whitcomb Riley

IN THE FIRELIGHT GLOW.

It was Christmas Eve. The aged couple sat by the flickering fireplace, hand clasped in hand. Like tired children grown weary of life's toys their eyelids drooped heavily. The dying flames cast weird shadows in the dimly lighted room. Suddenly the strains of sweet music burst upon their wondering ears. Someone was singing the dear old hymn, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"—a voice so pure, it was as if the heavens had opened and an angel heralded the coming of another Christmas morn. But hark, other voices caught up the refrain, rising and falling in the sweetest cadences—and then dying away. The aged couple sat entranced.



In touch with this there is no growing old
"Merry Christmas, mother; Merry Christmas, tather," rang out a jovial voice, and their eldest son strode into the room.
"The music, the music," whispered the old man.
"Why, dad, that's my little Christmas box to you," laughed the boy.
"A Victrola, you know. So now you may hear the world's famous musicians whenever you wish. No mother, dear, it did not cost a fortune—just \$21.00—rather a trifling sum for years of pleasure—of course you can buy them up to \$400. 'Twas at Mason & Risch Music Store I got it," he added, putting on another record.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Dear Cousin Doris,—While in London recently I came in touch with a little incident which, I think, will interest you.
I attended, one day, at noon, a recruiting meeting in front of the Mansion House. A great crowd of men and women listened to the recruiting sergeants, all of whom had "done their bit" at the front.
A lady, with a magnificent voice, sang patriotic songs, which, perhaps, were more effective than the speeches of the recruiting sergeants. At the close of the meeting, it was announced that after singing "The King," the lady would sing "The Woman's National Anthem."
Then, in splendid voice, she sang:—
"God save our splendid men
Send them safe home again,
God save our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
God save our men."
As she sang, every man stood, uncovered and with bowed head, and there were not many dry eyes.
I think it would be a good thing if the women of Canada would learn this as "The British Women's National Anthem," for surely it is the prayer of every loyal British woman.
After the meeting I went up to the singer, handed her my card, and asked her for the words she had just sung. She said: "Oh, I sang in Montreal, and I will be glad to send the words to the women of Canada."
She wrote them on the back of the blue envelope which contained my passport. Very truly yours,
UNCLE TOM.



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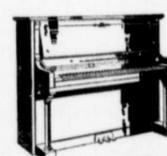


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